MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR DAILY COMIC PAGE



ittle later, to hop through the woods with Bunty.
What sort of an adventure do you think we'll have today, Uncle Wiggily?" saked Baby Bunty, as she hopped along beside the rabbit gentleman.
"Oh, you never can tell." he answered. "I suppose the skillers-scalery alligator, or the bad old Pipsisewah will come along and..."
Hardly had Uncle Wiggily said these faw words than he and Baby Bunty heard a sad little voice saying:
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear, me! Here I'm caught in a sassafras tree!"
"Who's that?" asked Baby Bunty.
"I don't know who it is, but I know who it isn't!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily.

CHAPTER NO. 123.

The Wife's Job.
(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
"Why these," said Mrs. Mason, "are the commonest sort of wolf skins! They do not in the least look like pointed for."

do not in the least look like pointed fox!"

She raised her look from the scarf and muff on her lap and encountered the gaze of her daughter-in-law.

"What, my dear," she asked, "led you to believe that they were pointed fox?"

"They had white hairs like pointed when I bought them—" began Estreida.

"But the white hairs only were glued on," explained Freddie, "so when we went out in the snow they all washed eff!"

WHO'S TO BLAME

ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

Marriage is too often a partnership in which one partner works and the other

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Tag! You're it!" cried Baby Bunty. he little rabbit girl, one morning, as the ran around on the porch of the hollow stump bungalow and tapped Uncie Wiggily on his tail silk hat with her raw.

"Oh, dear! Now I suppose I've got to twinking. "And I'm so stiff I can herdy run this morning!"

But Mr. Longears chased the little rabbit girl, and he really felt better a lively race around the hollow sump bungalow, so that some of his stiffness was gone as he set forth, a little later, to hop through the woods with Bunty.

"What sort of an adventure do you think we'll have today, Uncle Wiggily" will come where the baked Baby Bunty.

"What sort of an adventure do you think we'll have today, Uncle Wiggily" saked Baby Bunty, as she hopped allow sump bungalow, so that some of his siffness was gone as he set forth, a little later, to hop through the woods with Bunty.

"What sort of an adventure do you think we'll have today, Uncle Wiggily" saked Baby Bunty, as she hopped allow sump Uncle Wiggily." It will be all right. I'll light a fire here on this big stone. The Pipsisewah or no other wild animal, will come where there is a fire!"

The Dleas Wiggily and Baby Bunty traveled on and on over the fields and through the woods, looking for an adventure but they could not seem to find any, valies you call helping the lightning bug an adventure.

And pretty soon it began to get dark. To uncle Wiggily and Baby Bunty.

"Hadin't we better get back to your hollow sump Uncle Wiggily."

Yes, I think so, said the rabbit genteman. But when he tried to find the path that led to home and Nurse Jane he could not. It was too dark.

"Oh, we are lest in the woods and the baby Bunty."

The please your traveled on and on over the fields and through the woods, looking for an adventure but they could not seem to find any, valies you call helping the lightning bug an adventure.

And pretty soon it began to get dark. To uncle Wiggily and stayed out later than he meant to.

"Y

there is a fire!".
"Then please light one," begged Baby

Bunty.

But when Uncle Wiggily tried to make the fire he found he had no matches. And then, all of a sudden, there was heard a crackling and rust-

"On, the Pipsisewan is coming the Baby Bunty.
"He'd soon go away if I could make these sticks burn!" said Uncle Wiggily, trying again to find a match, but he could not.

"I don't know who it is, but I know who it isn't!" exclaimed Uncle Wigrily.

"Then who isn't it?" asked Baby
Sunty.

"It isn't the Pipsisewah," spoke the
abbit gentleman. "He never uses
soetry, though he did eat some of your
ugary frosted chocolate cake the other
lay. But I must see who this is. They
nay need help."

"Indeed I do!" went on the sad little
roice.

"Who are you?" asked Uncle Wigrily.

"Who are you?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"A lightning bug." was the answer.
"Some persons call us fireflies, and that's a good name, too. But I am caught fast by my legs in the sticky gum on this sassafras tree, and I can't get loose."

"Til help you," said Uncle Wiggily.
"So will I." added Baby Bunty.
She and Uncle Wiggily looked, and they saw a little brown and draib bug on the branch of a sassafras tree not far away.
"You don't look like a lightning bug," aid Baby Bunty. "You don't shine at all."
"To nly shine in the dark," said the bug.
"Yes, that is true; many times I have seen you, or your friends," admitted line bug flew away. But before it deft it said.
"If ever I can help you, or Baby Bunty, I shall be most glad to do so. Uncle Wiggily. I shall be most glad to do so. Uncle Wiggily. I shall be most glad to do so. Uncle Wiggily.

To h, pray, don't mention it," spoke the rabbit gentleman, diffident-like and shy.

Bringing Up Father-By George McManus



LITTLE MARY MIXUP —Bobbie's Both a "Peacemaker" and a "Pacemaker"!





THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Luke's Sorrow Is That It Didn't Happen Soo ner!







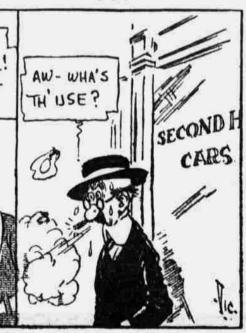


JOE'S CAR—Our Heart Is Full of Kindly Sympathy for J oe!









DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

THE DANGER OF ROMANCE.

Did you ever think that no other one let a man acquire a thirst for romantic thing has done so much harm in the world as romance?

It has broken up more homes, dragged principle of romantic love is that it more people into the gutter and wrecked must be illicit love.

Did you ever think that no other one thing has done so much harm in the world as romance of the world and the world as romance of the world as romance of the world and the world as romance of the wo



IF I'M being kidded. OR WHETHER the man. WHO KNOWS about birds. IS TELLING the truth. BUT, ANYWAY. THOSE WRENS of mine. THAT LIVE on the perch. RAISED AN awful holler. AN HOUR ago. AND I hurrled out. AND THEY'D left their house. AND WERE out on a branch. AND AT the door of their house. WAS ANOTHER bird. THAT WAS a stranger to me. AND A much bigger bird. THAN THE little wrens.

I'M NOT quite sure.

BECAUSE THE little round door. THAT THE wrens go through. TO GET into their house. WAS TOO small for him. AND, ANYHOW. I DROVE him away. AND THE mother wren. WENT BACK to her nest. AND A little while later. THE BIRD man came by AND I told him about it. AND HE up and says. "IT'S THE cow bird come back." AND FROM what he says THIS BOVINE bird. JUST RUNS around. LAYING ITS eggs. IN OTHER birds' nests. AND THE other birds.

AND BRINGING them up. WHILE THE wise cow bird, LIVES A leisurely life. AND ENJOYS itself. AND, OF course, I know. THAT IT may not be true. BECAUSE THIS bird man. IS A funny old guy. WITH A leather face. AND I never can tell. WHAT HE'S doing to me. AND WHEN he had told me. HE WENT on to say. THAT ONE of the reasons. HE CAME to the country. TO LIVE by himself. WAS BECAUSE of the cow birds, WHO LIVED in the cities. AND LET all the other birds. HATCH OUT their eggs. AND WHEN they were hatched. THE COW birds increased. AND THEY kept him so busy. JUST HATCHING cow eggs. THAT HE came to the country. AND IT may be true. BUT AS I've already said. HE'S A funny old guy.

OF HATCHING them out

AND HE thinks I'm a nut. FOR WASTING my time. ON A couple of wrens. THAT WOULD be much better off, IF I'D let them alone. AND MAYBE I am. BUT THE house that I bought them.

KEEPS OUT the cow birds. AND THAT'S going some. I THANK YOU.

EFFICIENCY OF LAZY.

EFFICIENCY OF LAZY.

The best work is done by the lazy people, who want to get through, and rest.

The industrious, active body, busy as a bee and always at it, is very liable to become a putterer.

Mark Twain called attention to the fact that the ant, to whom the sage recommended the sluggard to go, spends most of his energy in running around like a drunken Indian.

The great humorist hated to move; he used to give the boy in the printing office a nickel to sweep around him, so that he would not have to take his feet off the table. At seventy he confessed that "all exercise is loathsome."

Laziness is net good in itself; but when joined to conscientiousness and a sense of responsibility, as it often is, it is the very best worker.

The world's work is done by those who do not like it. Nine persons out of ten would quit what they are doing, if they could.

At the very beginning of Arnold Bennett's novel, "Hilda Lessways," is a luminous bit of philosophy:

"Hilda hated domestic work, and because she hated it she often did it passionately and thoroughly."

Mark Twain hated to write.—Dr. Prank Crane, in Farm Life.

One pound of phosphorous will supply heads for one million matches.

Relatives room whom favors are designed and with while this configuration prevails.

Jupiter gives encouragement to those who push insuffer at the house how how push business affairs after the mone hour.

Great combinations of industrial interests which will seek foreign centers are refersts which will seek foreign centers the heads of push business affairs after the mone hour intends to those who push to seek foreign centers are restricted by the stars.

This should be a lucky sway for all institutions of learning, the stars making minds alert and increasing vision that will aid students in their future foreign when the push of the would be a lucky sway for all institutions of learning, the stars making minds alert and increasing vision that will aid students in their future foreign when the push of the fact that the United States has

HOROSCOPE

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paper Syndicate.)

Early in the morning the sun is in malefic aspect today, according to astrology. Later Jupiter is in a place held to be helpful.

Before noon it will be wise to avoid employers or superiors in office.

It is not a good sway under which to seek co-operation in any scheme or to promote enterprises that are of future promise.

ture promise.

Relatives from whom favors are desired are supposed to be especially hard to deal with while this configuration